

All I Got by orphan_account

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Summary:

Mike watches a new show on Netflix. He falls in love with the Eleven character.

1. Stranger Things

Author's Note:

Uh. Very Meta. Very personal. I hope it feels even a little bit personal for anyone reading it.

Mike Wheeler used to watch a show on TV called *Eerie Indiana* . He kind of liked weird stuff, he was mainly into fantasy, but the kids were his age so he identified with them and their adventures.

For the most part, his dad worked from home... when he wasn't sleeping that is. So the company he worked for paid for high speed internet.

Mike, being the nerd he was, constantly got asked questions about the internet. He made it a point of being on top of tech news. He knew about VPN's, streaming services, everything internet related.

When his dad asked. Mike had the answers.

His dad was so impressed he asked Mike what he wanted for his birthday. Mike was sure he was the first person in Hawkins to be watching Netflix. He had put so many movies and shows on his watchlist that he lost track.

One of the shows he put on his watchlist was *Stranger Things*. The only reason was that it took place in Indiana and he thought it might be like that other show.

It stayed on his list for a year.

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He was reading a message one day from one of his online friends asking if he was watching the show.

“You’ve got to watch it. These kids are phenomenal actors, and get this Mike: the name of the main character and leader of the Party (watch the show, you’ll know what I mean) is... wait for it... Mike Wheeler. Seriously dude... how can you NOT watch it now? :) “

So Mike watched it.

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In the very first episode, he saw the girl with the big eyes.

Eleven.

Wow! Can she ever act. Mike was floored. How old is that actress?

Mike laughed to himself... *Probably eleven years old.*

What was really weird though was how the actor who played Mike Wheeler looked a *lot* like him.

I guess it’s true what they say. Everyone has a double.

But this was on the freaky weird side.

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Mike fell in love with Eleven during the fourth episode.

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His heart would stop every time she was on screen.

When she cried, he cried.

How could they do that to that poor girl? She's innocent. Brenner is a sadistic fucking asshole who need to die.

Horribly if possible.

When Dustin interrupted their potential kiss in the bathroom, Mike screamed at his laptop.

“ For fuck’s sake Dustin.”

Mike’s heart melted when he saw the expression on Eleven’s face after the onscreen Mike kissed her in the cafeteria.

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“Goodbye Mike.”

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Mike never cried so hard in his life.

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He cried himself to sleep that night. What was it about that character that got to him like that?

Ok. She's pretty. Really pretty... as Onscreen Mike would have said...

Her eyes... I mean, it's not even the acting... as good as the actress is... her eyes. Even the way she looked at Mike at the end of the first episode.

But then... the season was over.

And he had nothing to keep him going. No friends. Not his family. Nothing. Nothing to even get up for in the morning. Except school, and school sucked dead bunnies.

Loud.

Nothing new there.

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Mike did something he'd never done before. He rewatched a series. One Friday night. He watched them all again. He started around eight in the evening and finished almost at three in the morning.

He loved every second of it.

He smiled at all the parts that made him smile before. He cried at all the parts that made him cry before.

What am I gonna do?

I love Eleven.

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What do you do when you like something so much you can't get enough information on it? You go to the internet. That's exactly what Mike did.

He watched a panel of one of the conventions, and the actress, turns out her name was Jane Ives, and the actor who played the police chief, were sitting at a large table in front of a screaming audience taking questions.

She looked a little bit older and had a pixie cut now. but Mike was impressed at how she conducted herself. *She's like a little adult in some of the things she says, and a nice girl with other things she says.*

It was also clear that the actor playing the chief and the actress had a real chemistry. Mike didn't think he'd seen that before, which was interesting because the two hadn't really had a lot of scenes together in the series. He'd been good in the series too. Some of his facial expressions seemed so real it was like he was actually *in* that situation.

Ike was sure they were now his two favourite actors.

Someone in the audience asked what she thought of... the word sounded like *mileven*. Mike had no idea what that meant, but the actress put a hand over her heart and looked wistful.

"I love mileven."

What the heck is meleven? Obviously a combo of Mike and Eleven. Better sounding than TomKat or Brangelina. Like that ever lasted.

Of course, Mike googled it and got the response "Did you mean *Mileven*?"

Mike clicked.

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After watching half a dozen Mileven edits on Youtube, Mike couldn't stop crying. Not only did people feel the same way he did, but they put effort into expressing their feelings with their talent.

He saw one video of the actress who played her saying, "Oh.... that's really nice... I mean I knew Mileven was a thing but..." She was sincere. You could hear it in her voice.

Someone else on camera said, "We just watched Mileven edits"

Mike had to smile.

I'm not alone. Fans love Mileven. It's because they want Eleven to be happy. I could make you happy Eleven. Or die trying.

Mike sighed. He was way too caught up in this. It would affect his school work, no doubt about that. He couldn't even tell anybody about it. Absolutely no one would understand.

Mike started to collect *Stranger Things* paraphernalia. Books, trading cards, stickers, anything.

Well.

Almost anything. He didn't get the Funko bobble head type things.

Sorry Funko, that's reaching... as Powell would say. The huge gourd thing is not doing it for me. Let's face it, they are just stupid.

He didn't buy any of those.

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Mike lost count of how many times he watched the show. A dozen? Two dozen. He didn't care. He lived in Hawkins now.

He knew he was in bad shape.

Shit. Obviously this is a mental health issue. How do I even tell my mom? Forget my dad, he'd be clueless.

Mike laughed when he read that he was so not alone. *They call it Mileven Depression. Can you imagine telling a psychiatrist that? Next thing you'd be on some kind of prescription that dulled your mind.*

Two things happened that lifted his spirits.

The announcement that this Halloween Season 2 would air on Netflix.

And that his town was hosting a convention where all the stars of the show would be there.

I could actually meet her!

2. The Convention

Notes for the Chapter:

Gonna play a little fast and lose with timings of events for the next few chapter... for the plot.

Gil Ulfharour.

That was the name of the guy who played Mike Wheeler on *Stranger Things*.

Mike had no idea he looked as much like him as he apparently did. Mike's hair was almost shoulder length and a *twisted mess* as his mom kept saying.

He wore a hoodie because the night was cool and the convention was being held partly at the school gym, and partly in various places at the mall, including the entire mall parking lot.

Obviously the organizers hadn't quite thought that one through everybody parked along the streets, tickets were being handed out.

Mike saw an older lady with a t-shirt that read: "I went to Hawkins and all I got was this fucking parking ticket."

City council was going to hear about that.

Mike got quite a few odd looks and realized people probably thought he was Gil. So he put up the hood and kept his head low.

There were posters of Eleven everywhere. Mike's heart twinged every time he saw them.

Hmm, this might not have been such a good idea. It was supposed to

uplift my spirits... I'm only being reminded of how much I love Eleven.

“Mike? I mean... Gil? Can I get your autograph.”

“Uh... I just look like him... My name is...” *shit I can't tell them that.*

“Fine asshole, typical celebrity. Fuck off. I'm going on Facebook and telling all my friends.”

She had quite a potty mouth on her for a girl who looked to be about ten.

Mike could tell he was getting photobombed, people trying to be discreet taking selfies... He was going to be famous on the internet, but not as himself.

He stopped by one of the t-shirt vendors. He saw a t-shirt.

Ok, I have to have that one.

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“THERE HE IS!”

Mike's head snapped around. There had to be two hundred young girls stampeding his way.

Uh oh. This is dangerous.

He ran for his life.

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Mike found a set of bleachers in a tent that wasn't quite ready for the panel yet. He sat down. Breathing heavy.

"Gil? What the hell were you thinking? Wearing that t-shirt ? It was a girl's voice.

"I went to the Upside Down and All I Got Was This Really Pretty Girl."

The t-shirt had a photo of Eleven's smile and her eyes seconds after the cafeteria kiss.

"Best t-shirt at the convention." Mike said.

"I thought you bailed? They are going to want to do those photo-op sessions if they know you're here."

"Right... sorry I look like him, but I'm not Gil."

"Uh huh... I wasn't born in the Upside Down Gil. I know you don't like me but at least let's be professional while we are here."

Mike reached into his jeans, pulled out his wallet, and pulled out a card. "I got my license a few weeks ago. Wait... what do you mean I don't like you? I never had a favourite actress before I saw you in the show."

"Gil..." she sounded exasperated, but looked at the card. "Very funny, how did you get an official looking driver's license with *Mike Wheeler* on it." She passed it back to him and looked at her phone. Then smiled at something she read.

"Um... you're Jane Ives. I... um...I didn't recognize you Miss Ives

with the longer hair.”

They looked into each other’s eyes.

The look for both of them was intense, and they both had to break it off because of it..

“You’re not Gil Ulfharour. I can see that now. You’ve already treated me nicer than he’s ever done... and you’re a lot better looking too. So what do you think, now that you’ve met me? Still pretty?”

Mike took the cue, “yeah, pretty... *really* pretty.” And then he cried. “Gah, I’m such a wasteoid.” He hung his head low.

He felt her arms around him. “It’s ok... I... get this all the time from fans.”

“Yeah... I’ve seen you hug them. It’s very nice of you to do that. A little while ago I was called an asshole because I wouldn’t give an autograph. It would have been forgery, or impersonation... don’t need that in my life.”

“Gil is an asshole. *And* a dick. He would have refused anyway.” She went back and looked at her phone.

“Thanks for the hug... that was... very nice of you.”

“You love Eleven don’t you?” She looked up at him.

Mike burst into tears again.

Jane cooed, “It’s ok sweetie. Eleven loves the real Mike Wheeler. The character... I... um...”

Mike wiped his eyes. “Sorry, for some reason I am really taken with the character... couldn’t explain it to you in a million years.”

“I know. You don’t have to... because of that everyone wants Gil and I to be dating. He disgusts me.”

“You know why don’t you?”

She looked up from her phone again. "No... why?"

"Well this is my own personal take on it, but it seems to be the general consensus... fans feel very sad about what happened to Eleven. Those scenes are heartbreaking to watch... you are a really good actress. And then Mike takes you in, ok... now I know there is no real chemistry there, so that makes you an even better actress to pull that off... and very professional."

She stared at him... with those eyes.

"That's very nice of you to say."

"I thought they did table or chemistry reads or whatever it's called in the biz..."

She grimaced... "They do... but time constraints... and the directors liked his looks..."

"Sorry you have to put up with that. You do it with style. You know I'd never heard the word *shipping* before used in that way. But I've done it with characters in books I've read. Never did it with any movie or TV characters." Mike chuckled, "Mileven is my first ship."

"Gil is a no show at panels, you've probably noticed there's not a lot of interviews with him with the rest of us. None of the rest of the cast really care either."

"Everybody thinks acting is a dream job."

"It has its moments. Listen... I don't have any panels to do for the rest of the day... is there somewhere we can go and get a coffee? Talk about something that is *not* the show?"

Mike chuckled again, "Sure B and B."

"I'm sorry Mike I'm not going to a Bread and Breakfast with you. I'm mean, you are sweet and all, but... no... sorry I asked." She frowned and looked down at her phone... making motions to leave.

"We call it that here for short. It's the *Book and Bean*. It's a coffee shop and second hand bookstore. Coffee is free... if you buy at least

two books. But...”

“But what?”

“We absolutely can *not* be seen together. If they see you with me the internet will go crazy. With the way you feel about him I wouldn’t wish that on anybody.”

“Can you sneak me there?”

They looked at each other again.

“Yeah... I’d love to buy a famous actress a coffee... you will be my brush with a celebrity.”

“Well,” she said almost shyly... “It is what Mike Wheeler would do...”

Mike grinned. “It’s exactly what he would do.”

“Let’s go.”

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“Who’s your pretty friend, Mike?”

Mike blushed. “I met her at the convention.”

“Well, that means you have to buy four books. You know the rules.”

Mike laughed.

“You know the owner?” Jane asked... she was texting on her phone.

“You are really good at multitasking.” Mike said.

“What do you mean?”

“You can hold two conversations at once,” his head nodded towards the phone.

She turned very red. “I’ve got to stop doing that. There are very few pictures on the internet of me *not* holding my phone. You went to a lot of trouble to get me here. I want to give you my full attention. Look.”

She held up the phone and Mike watched her turn it off.

“You didn’t really have to do that for me Miss Ives.”

“If you call me that again, I will punch you. I am Jane to you. And yes, I did have to do that. It would have been very rude not to.”

Mike smiled at her to show her there were no hard feelings. “To answer your question, I know the owner. She’s my mother.”

Jane’s face remained passive, “She doesn’t think I’m your new girlfriend does she?”

Mike looked down and sighed... “probably... you’d be my first if that was the case. I’m sorry. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea.”

“It’s ok. Mums are like that. My dad cried when I got my hair buzzed... he figured I’d never get a boyfriend looking like that.”

“Boy, was he wrong.”

“Tell me about it.”

“Ok... hopefully this doesn’t sound too strange. I love Eleven. Not the actress who plays her. I don’t know her at all.”

Jane looked slightly disappointed. “Well... I want you to at least like me, so... we get to know each other. Ok?”

“Ok.”

3. Coffee and Contemplation

“I am going to guess you already know everything about me through what you read on the internet?”

“No.”

“No?”

“Believe it or not, I don’t actually follow what the cast is doing. My um... internet surfing, at least *Stranger Things* related, has been specifically convention footage, and Mileven edits.”

“I get the second, but why the former?”

“You can read all you want. But to see what a person is like, you need to watch and listen to them. Sure... you guys are all actors... but there’s no script... you have to be yourselves... certain checks in place and all that.”

“Very astute. Can I ask what your favourite... oh wait... we weren’t supposed to talk about the show.

“I’ll answer that and then we stop. Ok? Two favourite videos and phone photo. You and the chief, after the first season. You looked like you were chewing your nails... at one point he said ‘I gave up heroin for you.’ Obviously a joke, but you said his name, went over, and tried to cover his mouth.”

Jane laughed, “I remember that. He’s such an underrated actor. I love working with him.”

“Along those lines, the other video, you were in a large panel, Gil not there but I got used to that. You said something nice, he responded and kissed your head. He likes you. He’s like a hundred years older than you but he clearly likes you.”

“I remember that too, Mike. You are describing happy memories for me. The photo?”

“Ah, well I don’t think there’s a bad photo of you out there. Even the ones where the zits show.”

Jane rolled her eyes. “Don’t remind me.”

“Some guy with braces has a t-shirt with the *Stranger Things* font, it said, ‘Jane, Will You Marry me.’ You hugged him and showed off your wedding ring. Geez... I was really jealous. You are so good with the fans.”

She smiled at him. “Thank you for that Mike. Ok. No more *Stranger Things*.”

“Hmm, well...” he looked around. “Obviously I like to read. Mainly science-fiction, but I dip into other genres.”

“Are you well read in that genre?”

“Yeah, I think so. Very nerdy.”

Jane laughed. “I expected no less.”

“I spend most of my free time reading. I mean I’m a movie fan... not so much TV, but definitely a movie fan. Netflix was a birthday present. Don’t really listen to music. I have a few cd’s but I can probably count on one hand what I listen to. You seem to know a lot of the popular music.”

“Guilty. Guessing you don’t like that style?”

Mike shook his head.

“What else do I not know about you?”

“You already know... um... no girlfriend. You’d think looking like him in the show I’d have to hide...”

Jane laughed again. “The show is just taking off. Give it time Mike. You look....” She cleared her throat. “You are very...” she pretended to bite the pad of her thumb, "Nnnng"

“I will take that as a compliment...”

“Friends Don’t Lie. Speaking of... give me your phone.”

“Uh, why?”

“I’m going to put my number in there... so we can text. In this biz, good, honest friends are really hard to come by... are you ok with that. No romantic aspirations or anything like that.”

“I would love to have a good friend. If it was you... I’d get to brag about it.... If you are ok with that?

“You know Mike, I don’t consider myself a celebrity... I am grateful and fortunate that I have... I don’t know... something that people can connect to? If I can help someone feel even just a little bit happier... I’m all in.”

Mike handed her his phone, “You do it with grace and style. I would be proud to call you my friend.”

Jane looked at him... “You really mean that.”

“I do.”

“Ok. What two books are you going to buy me?”

“I thought you didn’t read?”

“You are referring to that Facetime session where I said I read scripts. A lot of people saw that, I got a lot of comments. The one that meant the most to me was someone who said that... what was it, oh, *Those who don’t read are no better off than those who can’t.*

Mike said nothing.

“You agree with that don’t you?” She asked.

“Almost everything I know is from books. School books... any book I’ve read I’ve learned at least one thing. So yeah... no insult to those who don’t read but... yeah I kinda agree.”

“I read now. I like love stories.”

“Stay right there.” Mike got up and headed for a bookshelf.

Jane could hear them being rung in at the cash..

He came back with two books. He pulled out his phone. Tapped a few times. “Read the review of this book.”

He passed her a copy of *The Two-Timers* by Bob Shaw, then his phone. It was a review of the book with the same cover as she was holding.

He then passed her a copy of *What Dreams May Come* by Richard Matheson. “I think this is the most powerful love story in sf or fantasy. I’ve read my share of both. You will know what I mean when...”

Mike stopped talking to clear his throat. He couldn’t look at her when he said, “...when you read the part.”

“I am very interested in reading a book that made... makes a guy cry.”

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“Shit!”

The power went out. And the crack of lightning so loud Mike thought *Mjölnir* was involved.

“Mike?” He heard her scared voice.

“Don’t move.”

A flashlight shone on his face. “I’m going to take you where there natural light. Ok?”

“Ok...” She didn’t sound sure.

“Jane... do you trust me? As your new friend?”

“Yes...”

“Give me your hand. I will guide you.

“Ok.”

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Mike had the fire going on the uncommonly cool night. It lit up the room and warmed them up as that sat on the sofa.

The sudden storm continued to rage outside.

“I am going to go out on a limb and say that there was no acting involved in those storm scenes.”

“Good limb to be on... Mike... I’m really scared.” Mike could hear her voice tremble.

“Don’t be Jane. As a nerd I can say confidently that the fire emanates kind of a Faraday Field.”

“As a non-nerd I don’t know what that means.”

“I can’t stop the thunder, but the lighting absolutely can *not* get

through.”

“Ok.” Her voice sounded so much like Eleven that Mike felt the need for more reassurance.

“But. Back up plan. Sit in front of the sofa. I will get a blanket.”

Jane sat in front of the fire, shivering. Mike came out with a blanket.

“Those are beautiful colours.”

“It’s an Icelandic wool blanket.”

He sat close to her and put the blanket over them.

“You are so good to me. Faraday Icelandic wool blanket?”

Mike laughed. “Exactly.”

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‘You carry a flashlight with you all the time? That’s like nerdy squared... times eleven. I didn’t even see it, but it was bright.”

Mike laughed. “It’s a Manker E02Ti model”

“No! Not the E02Ti? Seriously, you have the E02Ti model? I mean... the E02Ti...!”

“Your sarcasm Miss Ives is duly noted. But without it you wouldn’t be sitting warm and safe in front of a fireplace... with Mike Wheeler no less.”

“I’ll bet you’re this nerdy with all the girls.”

Mike hmphed... “Yeah... all one of them.”

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Mike stirred, the storm was still loud, cracks of lightning every few seconds, the wind had gone beyond howling and was now in screeching mode.

He felt cool... that's what had woken him a little.. The fire was still good, but Jane was gone. He felt the blanket move and she crawled back in beside him.

"Are you ok?" He said not quite awake.

"My clothes were binding me up. I'm wearing a pair of your track pants and one of your sweaters." She curled up next to him. "Brrr, even with the fire, I'm cold."

Mike put his arm around her. "Scoot in closer. You were keeping me warm too."

"Hmmm."

It was a contented sigh from the actress who was Eleven.

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Mike fell over on his side. Jane was not propping him up anymore.

“How am I smelling pancakes? I don’t have any pancake mix.”

“Good morning, sweetie. You had baking supplies, it’s all I needed. You did have Eggos and syrup. But I’ve east more Eggos than any three people combined. Even Steven Cahillane.

“Who’s he?”

“CEO of Kellog’s.”

“Ah. Well, someday I’d like to treat you to an Eggo extravaganza... you know, if it won’t make you throw up. Um, now that the power is back on, don’t you need to check in with... your *people*. ”

“Already done, told them I was safe, and that I was having breakfast with a friend.”

She serviced out two plates in the breakfast nook.

Mike nodded as he took a forkful. “I’m going to miss talking with you. This is probably the most fun I’ve had with someone. I got to sleep with a star, she got into my pants... yup... very humble-braggable.”

Jane’s eyes went wide.

“Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone about our secret storm tryst. Neither of us need that internet abuse.”

“How are the pancakes.”

“These are good, you are probably wondering why I have baking supplies.” Jane nodded.

“I’m trying to make my own bread. From scratch... as a sideline I’ve been very successful in selling breadbricks to local construction companies.”

Jane laughed. “Baking is just chemistry.”

“I’ve heard. There’s a...” Jane’s phone rang.

“Sorry Mike, I have to take this...” But she continued to sit where she was across from him.

Her eyes went wide, then sad, then very very angry. “What a stupid fucking asshole.” She looked at Mike and clamped her hand over her lips, took it away and mouthed *sorry* to Mike.

She was nodding as she listened to the phone.

“Actually, guys. I think I have a solution... sure... how about oh... eleven o’clock?” She winked at Mike.

When she hung up, she sighed. “Ok, they are going to keep this quiet as long as they can. I’d like to steal you for something at eleven.”

Mike frowned. “What’s going on? Uh, if you don’t mind me asking.”

“That asshole od’d.”

Notes for the Chapter:

This is the review Mike was referring to: <https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/5219880-the-two-timers>

This is the flashlight: <http://www.mankerlight.com/manker-e02-ti-220-lumens-titanium-angle-flashlight/>

4. Chemistry

“I want you to meet Maddy and Rose Twizzdud... affectionately known by everyone on the set as *The Twisted Sisters*. ”

Mike shook both their hands. The sisters looked at Mike and at each other. Then at Jane, “Let me guess... this is your solution?”

“Kind of perfect isn’t he?” Jane said. She was nothing but smiles.

“What’s your name?” They asked him.

Mike sighed. “Mike Wheeler.”

The sisters looked at Jane again and laughed, “He really wants this gig, that’s funny.”

“His name really is Mike Wheeler. Mike, show them your driver’s licence.”

He did.

“This could be our saving grace. Taking a tragedy and a PR nightmare, and probably cancellation of the show into... we are in new territory here. Can you act?”

And then it hit Mike. “Whoa... whoa... whoa, you want *me* to play Mike Wheeler?”

“I think it would be beneficial for you to have a chemistry read with the rest of the kids, but yes. How many times have you seen the first season?”

Mike shrugged... “twenty-five or thirty times.”

“So you know all the lines?”

Mike smiled, “yeah, I don’t think I need a script if that’s what you mean.”

Maddy pointed back and forth between Mike and Jane. “You two get along ok? Jane was the epitome of professionalism with that junkie, but we wouldn’t make her go through his coke-induced rants again. It took us twice as long to film that season than it should have. They were ready to pull the plug on it every day.”

“Jane and I are friends. Knowing what I know now, I can’t believe she made it look like that Mike Wheeler was her world.”

Both Maddy and Rose nodded, “We got very lucky when she accepted our offer. Ok, let’s go meet the rest of the cast. I’ve already called a meeting in one of the convention tents... but sneak in there. We need to control the timing of this announcement.”

As they walked Jane said, “You really are Mike Wheeler, that’s why you identify with him. Just be yourself. Don’t be overwhelmed by everyone you meet.”

“Easy for a type A to say.”

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The actors in the mock up Wheeler basement recreated the *What is Friend* scene from the first season.

When Mike looked into Jane’s eyes, he almost cried again.

They also recreated the cafeteria scene. On their way to the building that was used as Hawkins Middle , Jane said, “Ok Mike, this is going to be a tougher scene for you.”

“The first kiss scene.” He sighed. “Yeah, I know why they want to do it.”

“Ok. I’m going to makeup, they are going to fake short hair for me.” She looked up at his hair. “Not enough hours in the day to fix that mop.”

Mike laughed. “The wind is my hairstylist.”

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“CUT!”

Mike looked down. He sniffed. “You’re so pretty Jane. Looking into your eyes is very hard for me right now. Not that I need to say it, but you had the exact same expressions you did in that episode.”

Mike heard one of the sisters say to crew around, “Give them a minute. Meeting tonight. Great scene guys.”

The bodyguards got them back to Jane’s trailer unseen. Mike found he had a bodyguard too.

“That’s new.” He said to Jane once they were in her trailer.

She nodded. Mike noticed that she avoided his eyes.

“Did I do something wrong?” He asked.

“No. You are perfect.”

“Something is bugging you. We are friends. We just kissed. You can probably tell me.”

“I want to do something that most people would consider... odd... Hollywood flakey. Typical celebrity ego... that kind of thing. I’ve talked myself in and out of it for the last few hours.”

Mike took a coin out of his pocket and handed it to her.

“That’s a pretty coin, what is it?”

“Canadian fifty-cent piece. I think it’s one of the better looking coins in the world.”

“Flipping isn’t going to work Mike.”

“Ah, but here’s what you do. Assign a choice to heads or tails, call it in the air. Trust me.”

“Okaaaay.” She smiled, flipped the coin and said, “Heads for yes.”

It landed tails. Her smile disappeared. “Shit.”

“You were hoping for heads. And there, pretty girl is your answer. Do whatever the yes was for.”

Her smile almost knocked him over backwards. “Ok, one more question I’ve been mulling over.”

She flipped, “Heads for yes.”

It landed heads...

She leaned over and kissed Mike on the mouth.

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“Did I make a mistake?” She looked up at him through her eyelashes, suddenly very shy.

“No you didn’t.”

“My first boyfriend was immature. My second boyfriend was just interested in sex. Nothing else. He was gone when he didn’t get any. You had plenty of chances to show me you aren’t like either of them. You were very chivalrous, and you kept me safe and warm. You think I’m pretty... ”

“The internet is going to go nuts. You know that right?”

XXXXX

Mike and Jane walked into the meeting holding hands.

Rose said, “Everybody who’s not surprised, raise their hands.”

Everyone’s hand went up.

“Mike has shown himself to be a good actor. Very natural, just like Jane. So... Mike Wheeler is the new Mike Wheeler.”

Clapping.

“Um, can I make a suggestion?” Mike had his hand up.

“Go ahead.” One of the sisters said.

“I did some googling around for eighties hairstyles. I couldn’t find a guys hairstyle like the ones you put on Mike and Will.”

There was a chuckling murmur throughout the tent of crew members.

“You don’t want to cut your hair is what I’m hearing.”

“Not really ma’am... uh... miss... uh miz...”

“You can use our first names, Mike. We will consider it.”

XXXXX

“Do you want to hear about the flakey slash celebrity slash ego thing I did? The one I flipped your coin on?”

“Sure.” Mike said. They were sitting across from each other in her trailer.

“I officially added a middle name. My parents weren’t real thrilled.”

“So I can call you El?” The smile on Mike’s face made Jane’s face flush with relief.

“You fell in love with Eleven... I fell in love with you... I want you to... love me... if that’s what it takes...”

“I don’t want you to feel weird about it or anything...” Mike said.

“It was providence. A guy rescues me from a storm, his name is Mike Wheeler, the same name of a guy that Eleven loves... now he’s playing that very same Mike Wheeler... if the universe were any more obvious, they would remind me with a...”

A loud crack of lightning sounded, and Jane... now El in Mike’s heart, cringed.

“See?” She said timidly.

Mike leaned over and gave her a soft kiss. “Definitely.”

XXXXXX

Mike and El sat holding hands across from Maddy and Rose.

“The news just went out about Gil’s od. We are going to spare you the press conferences about it. If you get asked you politely tell them to contact the PR department, and that it’s always sad when someone loses their life because they are fuckin’ stupid.”

El’s eyes went wide, “how about we change that last part to, *because of their internal issues* ?”

“Mike,” Rose looked directly at him, “Jane has told us, and we both agree that the fans will be mad if Mike and Eleven don’t kiss in the second season. So we are going to give them a treat.”

“Kissing at the Snowball for sure?” Mike asked.

“Yes and other scenes. We also want to make an extra’s DVD with *just* the two of you kissing. Along those lines we want you to flub the kissing scenes... a lot. Don’t tell the rest of the cast... all of us can have fun with it. But while you are on set, but not in your trailers of course, feel free to go overboard with the PDA’s . I’m going to have you filmed all the time.”

“You know that DVD will get leaked right?” Mike said.

“Yeah, but it’s free publicity, costs us minimal time and effort for equipment, and it will look good on some videographer’s VC.”

“If I get to kiss Mike whenever I want... I will consider that lips well spent.”

“Um... aren’t you worried we’ll have some kind of argument and break up on set with camera’s rolling?”

“Jane is a professional. She wouldn’t allow it. It’s why she wins

awards. She carries herself with style and grace.”

Jane smiled, “Mike has already told me that. The universe has already told us we are soulmates. Sorry to get personal Rose, but Mike and I are going to be together for a long long time.”

Maddy sighed, “You guys are sixteen, that’s a little naive.”

“Friends Don’t Lie...”